

# The Sorrow of a Setter

By CY WARMAN

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It has always seemed to me that my friend the Doctor was a good deal to blame for this trouble, for unless you know the exact year of his birth you would not know that Hugh was an old dog.

Perhaps he did move a bit slower than he did some years ago. He does my friend, but he keeps his seat on the school board, goes to his drug store a few hours every day, fishes and follows the hounds—for he is a mighty hunter, afoot or on horseback. Of an afternoon when he came up the avenue and turned into his home street the dog would go to meet him at the corner, taking a stick, a stone, a leaf, and sometimes only a straw, for that was his way of saying "Welcome." Always the kindhearted man bent and took the peace-offering, spoke gently, and gave the dog a friendly pat. Being childless, all his surplus love was lavished on the beautiful old Irish setter, and the setter gave such constant, faithful, unquestioning love as only a dog can give. It was a love, too, that comes only to men that are gentle and honest as children. In the time happy years that they had lived together the doctor and the dog came to understand each other, for Hugh, in addition to being honest and faithful, was one of the most intelligent animals that has ever lived and loved.

Once, when a youth and a young woman were walking by, a snappy little water spaniel ran out opposite Hugh's home, annoyed the youth, and then darted away. The young man had picked up a stone, and now, seeing the snappy spaniel disappearing, turned and fired the stone at Hugh simply because he was a dog, and poor old Hugh's left hind leg was shattered. Dr. N. came and put the broken limb in plaster of paris. During the operation, which lasted over an hour,



They Had a Fair Day's Sport That Day.

the dog lay perfectly still with his head on his master's knee. For weeks he had to be lifted and carried in and out like an invalid child. Sometimes the pain of moving was excruciating, but he only turned his sad eyes to his master, and his master would say: "Yes, Hugh, I'll be as easy as I can."

This thing happened in the spring, and when the fall shooting was on Hugh was in fairly good shape again. Always, when he was going out on the morning, the doctor would take his traps and put them in the summer kitchen, near where Hugh slept. At dusk he was ready down, a little earlier than he was wont to rise, the doctor would wake to find Hugh standing by his bed.

If he seemed to want to snore, the dog would pick up a shoe or stocking and put it up into the bed by his master. Then the man would jump up and hug and wrestle the dog about, and the dog would break away and hurry down to the summer kitchen, where the shooting traps were. To see them in the field you could not say which was the happier, the man or the dog; but I think it was the dog, for a man so gentle could not kill birds without some faint feeling of regret at seeing them reel and fall, their beautiful wings crushed and broken, and the red blood dripping from their open mouths. The dog, of course, could not know.

They had a fair day's sport that day, but the doctor thought the old dog was a good deal slower than he used to be, and concluded by the time he had reached home that he would get a young dog and train him up with Hugh, so that in case of an accident he would not be without a dog.

When he brought the pup home he introduced him to Hugh and explained to his wife that Hugh was getting old, and that he must train the young fellow against that time Hugh would go on the retired list.

"Hugh won't like that," said the wife.

"Oh, yes, he will, the pup'll be company for him."

"That pup will make trouble between you and Hugh, mark my word," and the doctor's wife went into the house feeling sorry for the old dog, for a woman knows a man can't split up his affection and hold his job.

Hugh treated the rollicking, romping, tail-wagging pup with consideration, showing an interest in him which he did not enjoy and a kindness he could not feel.

The next day when the old dog started down to the corner to meet his master the pup romped out ahead and raced down the walk, so that he could not stop until he had bumped into his master's knees. The doctor stooped and caught the frisky young pup, and petted him. Hugh dropped the stick he had picked up and walked back to the house. When the doctor opened the front gate the old dog trotted round to the back yard. The man followed and tried to make up, but Hugh only wagged his tail and said, with his sad, eloquent eyes: "Oh, don't bother about me, I'm all right." But the doctor felt the slight and remembered what his wife had said.

That night he put his traps in the kitchen, and next morning Hugh came up, as usual, to call him. The doctor pretended to doze off, but Hugh made no move. The man turned his face to the wall, but still the dog stood mute and motionless.

When the man got out and made the dog welcome the latter did not romp as usual, but hid his head against his master's face, sighed and turned away.

In the field that day Trip, the pup, was as noisy and numerous as football player at a reception given in honor of a war hero. He barked and bopped into everything and everybody, but instead of being disgusted, as Hugh thought he should be, the doctor seemed to enjoy it. He made no effort to disguise the fact that he was slighting the old dog, but appeared to glory in it. He gave the pup the best of it, and when, after no end of help, the notes one retrieved a wounded bird, the doctor made a great fuss over him.

That night, when they got home, Hugh would not touch his supper.

"He's ill," said the doctor.

"Let Mary take it," said the doctor's wife, and from Mary's hands he ate, showing that he was not sick.

The next day the old dog would not suffer his master to come near him. When he was cornered he growled and showed his teeth. They shut him up in the kennel, and he chewed the gate down, though he had never been known to gnaw that way before.

On the third day he refused to eat altogether, and the next day disappeared. The doctor walked miles in search of the lost dog, but none knew anything about him.

Some days after the dog left home the doctor was going up from the store to his house at noon. As he was passing the Merchants' bank near the post office, right on the principal street, he saw a solid and sorry looking dog lying in the shadow of the bank on a little patch of grass that grew between the walk and the building. The man looked at the thing for a moment, and then squatted and called to it in a gentle, kindly voice. The dog opened his eyes, turned, and looked at his master. The man came up and touched him, but there was no growl now. All the snap and resentment was gone. After much coaxing

## Declares Crows Can Count

West Virginia Farmer Authority for Statement That They Know Days of the Week.

A large number of crows were foraging for food not long ago close to the house of a farmer in West Virginia. They were unusually bold, as though hunger had driven them to forget their usual shyness and distrust of their natural enemies—men.

Two of them alighted close to the back door and picked up the crumbs with an apparent assurance of their safety not easily accounted for. The farmer was telling a neighbor about the tameness of the birds, when the latter remarked:

"You won't see them foolhardy to-morrow."

"Why not to-morrow, as well as to-day?"

"Because to-day is Sunday, and these crows know it. They know that one day in seven they are not pestered by boys and men. They can count."

the old fellow got up and followed his master home. They sent the pup away and let Hugh see him going, but it was too late. The little friend who used to play with him came, but he did not know her. The doctor tried in every way to win back the lost love, but it was dead.

The old dog was dying. He was not only starving, but his great grief was eating his heart away. His hair was dry and stiff, like a parched stubble; his once beautiful brown eyes were glassy. It was evident that he had concluded to quit, and that he knew it would take time.

At the end of a week all the neighbors knew about the trouble at the doctor's. Busy men who had no time for dogs, and rough, hard men who swore in the market-place and beat their horses in the alley, sympathized with old Hugh. Of course, the children from end to end in that street, and many round on Queen's avenue and beyond the park, knew that Hugh Strong was dying, and nearly all of them seemed in some vague way to blame the doctor.

"I wish now," said the doctor to his wife one day, "that I had just hunted as long as Hugh was able to hunt and quit when he quit."

One afternoon, the tenth day of Hugh's illness, some school-children stopped to ask after their old friend. They tiptoed round to the back yard and saw the doctor sitting with his head between his hands and his elbows on his knees. Just in front of him and only a few feet away the old dog lay, his thin nose stretched out between his wasted paws. The doctor's back was towards the children and he did not see them. While they stood looking, two or three with up-lifted fingers hushing the rest, the old setter lifted his head and looked at his master. He tried to stand up, but was too feeble to rise; then he put his nose straight up and gave one long, low, melancholy howl, and let his head fall to the ground. The doctor covered his face with his hands. The children clutched at one another. The dog drew one deep breath and lay perfectly quiet. Over across Victoria park the chimneys were ringing. Presently the children turned and tiptoed out, and when the chimneys ceased it was very still.

## FAILED TO MAKE THE SALE.

Sidewalk Merchant Was Badly in Need of Lesson to Curb Tendency to Freshness.

Carey Johnson Ludlam, the southern philologist, in the course of a lecture on "Neologisms" in Charleston, said:

"Another neologism is 'salesmanship.' The advertising columns of the magazines have for several months abounded in this word. Schools of 'salesmanship,' books on 'salesmanship,' secrets of 'salesmanship'—why, one reads of nothing else."

The aged scholar smiled.

"And speaking of schools of salesmanship," he said, "I hope that the salesman who accosted me on my way here this evening will take in one of them on eight or nine years' course. I'm sure he needs it. This salesman, a shabby young man, laid his hand on my arm and said:

"Say, friend, lemme sell ye a box of this here patent cement."

"I shook off his filthy paw."

"Cement!" I sneered, annoyed at his familiarity. "What do I want with cement?"

"Why," cried the man, in apparent surprise, "ain't ye broke? Ye look it."—Los Angeles Times.

## Riches and Real Worth.

Riches are for the comfort of life, not life for the amassing of riches. I asked a wise man: "Who is the fortunate and who is the unfortunate man?" He replied: "He is the fortunate who sowed and reaped, and he the unfortunate who died and enjoyed rest. Offer no prayer in behalf of that worthless wretch who did nothing but spend his life in the accumulation of wealth which he used not."

crows can, and they know that on the seventh day they are exempt from persecution.

"I once lived near a swamp where thousands of crows made their roosting place, and early in the morning they used to start for the mountains for their food. I was often out with my gun trying to get a shot at them. Week days they were shy of me, and I seldom got a shot at them; but on Sunday morning it was different. Then they would fly low and close to my house, their wings almost flapping the ridgeboards of house and barn. Do crows know when it is Sunday? Of course they do."

## Two Suns in Sweden.

A phenomenon of the sky, which in olden days was thought of evil omen, was seen the other day in Stockholm. A sphere of the same size as the sun appeared in the heavens to the west of the real sun, and shone with all the colors of the rainbow.



## IN SKIMP DESIGNS

DRAPERIES THIS SEASON ARE DECIDEDLY SCANT.

Lend Themselves Most Effectively to Shades of Tan—Soft Colors the Rule for Every Kind of Costume.

The choicest cuts for elegant gowns lean largely to empire effects. With these charming draperies—for the delightfully skimp designs are scarcely more than coverings for graceful figures—pale tints accommodate themselves. Tones in tan, ranging from a brown to a salmon tinge, are displayed by a number of frocks.

The grays, though lighter, are still suggestive of the smoke tint worn in



Gown Suited for Infinite Variation.

the winter, and the gamuts in violet and green include too many shades to be counted.

Indeed, it looks as if every color, and every change of which it is capable, will be worn, though a species of

## PRETTY TRIMMING FOR GOWN

English Idea of Draped Scarfs Can Be Made Extremely Effective.

Among the essentially new ideas of the season are the scarf-trimmed gowns that take unto themselves all the splendor of the oriental, combined with the grace of drapery which belongs only to the very early and the very late centuries. The scarf idea provides a very good opportunity for a woman of moderate means to turn the plainest of gowns into the most elaborate. Assuming that she possesses a gown of straight lines made of some clinging fabric, and that she knows how to trim it solely with an embroidered scarf of crepe de chine or chiffon cloth, you will see at a glance what could be accomplished.

If she had a plain black satin gown, for instance, and draped over its one shoulder a black scarf, embroidered with colored silks and glittering sequins and edged with a heavy black silk fringe, would the gown not be charming? The scarf could be arranged to emphasize the best points of the figure.

This scarf-draping idea is primarily of English origin, although it has been adopted by some of the French designers. In any case, and no matter to whom the credit may go, this bit of drapery carries with it a host of advantages.

## Troublesome Coiffure.

Nobody has time in these days of hair cushions, puffs, coils and switches to arrange the hair before breakfast as it is to stay all day; yet nobody not blessed with abundant natural tresses likes to face her family looking like a shorn lamb. One woman with scanty locks has solved the problem in this happy way: The hair is lightly shaken and brushed, and is then tossed loosely back in a full, all-around pompadour, the ends being tied with a bit of ribbon at the crown

sage is a specially smart green, and plum color and amethyst intrude among the violets. Black and definite white, though seen, stand behind color.

Fashion's window presents the look of an esthetic rainbow. Which means that, though colors rule, they are never strident. Over all is flung a gentle dimness, as if brilliant hues were veiled with a misty gray or stuffs had wept themselves pale somehow. In truth, all of Dame Fashion's moods lean to the sentimental this season. It is a pleasing quality and one always suited to elegant and fair womanhood.

The material of a gown is biased entirely by the model chosen. All empire effects call for textures soft in finish, the silks, satins and cloths used hanging with the limp suppleness of chiffon. A high satiny gloss is a luxurious feature of many of these materials, and with such rich textures go handsome laces and bead passementeries of a superb sort.

On the bodice of a sage green empire dress, which showed the inevitable lace guimp and undersleeves, was a passementerie which imitated the raised bunches and foliage of small white grapes. The dress itself of chiffon over a slip of sage green messaline.

A very beautiful gown, which may be made of cloth, velvet or of any of the numerous soft silks on the market, is shown in the illustration. The model for this was in one of the shades of old blue, with trimmings of soutache braid and silk fringe and a chemisette of net in a matching color overlaid with gold.

The blouse is made over a smoothly fitting lining, and the high-waisted skirt can be cut in either two or three pieces, as it is made without a front seam.

Many departures from the original suggestions are possible. For instance, the chemisette could be of white lace, and instead of the gold which overlays it, a passementerie could be used, or else the lace left to show.

If the chemisette is of whole lace, with any color for the rest of the gown, there could be bodice touches of coral, bright green or Chinese blue, which is a highly decorative tint for trimming.

But as to the gold. Ballon grant tures, when the quantity is restrained are very much in vogue, and there is scarcely a dressy French frock whose corage, at least, does not show the glint of gilt. A necktie made of gold braid, finished with a tassel of gilt threads and beads, trims the throat of many a beautiful French gown.

## NOVEL HAIR DRESSING.



Coiffure "grecque" of silver ribbons

## Round Shoulders.

Round shoulders are easily cured in young people. You must make a radical change in your sleeping position. In fact, you should really learn to sleep without any pillow at all. During every moment of the day bear your infirmity in mind. Stand straight and look up, not down. Look people in the eyes as you walk. Acquire the habit of holding the head up. Walking about your room for half an hour each day with a book balanced on your head will help you to stand straight.

of the head. Time is not taken to braid and pin the ends, and the ugly knob or coil is wisely eschewed. The long hair is quickly rolled over a small rat no longer than a finger, and the puff thus formed is pinned lightly to the hair in lengthwise position. Such a hairdressing will look neat and attractive through a whole morning's work about the house.

Nothing gives quicker relief to a burn than a poultice of scraped raw potato.